THE *Spaniſh* LADY's Love.

WILL you hear of a *Spaniſh* Lady,
how ſhe woo'd an *Engliſh* Man;
Garments gay as rich as may be,
dack'd With Jewels had ſhe on;
Of a comely Countenance
and Grace was ſhe;
Both by Birth and Parentage
of high Degree.

As his Priſoner there he kept her,
in his Hands her Life did lie;
Cupid's Bands did tie them faſter
by the liking of an Eye:
In his courteous Company
was all her Joy;
To favour him in any Thing
ſhe was not coy.
But at laſt there came Commandment
for to ſet all Lovers free,
With their Jewels ſtill adorned,
none to do them Injury.
Then, ſaid this Lady mild,
full woe is me.
O let me ſtill ſuſtain this kind
Captivity.
Gallant Captain, take ſome pity
on a Woman in Diſtreſs,
Leave me not within this City,
for to die in Heavineſs;
Thou haſt ſet this preſent Day
my Body free,
But my heart in Priſon ſtill
remains with thee.
How ſhould'ſt thou fair Lady love me.
Whom thou know'ſt thy Conntry's Foe,
Thy fair Speech makes me ſuſpect thee,
Serpents lie where Flowers grow.
All the harm I think on thee,
moſt courteous Knight,
God gra·t upon my Head the ſame
may fully light.
Bleſſed be the Time and Seaſon,
that you came on *Spaniſh* Ground;
If you may our Foes be termed,
gentle Foes we have you found
With our City you have won
our Hearts each one.

THE *Spaniſh* LADY's Love.

WILL you hear of a *Spaniſh* Lady,
how ſhe woo'd an *Engliſh* Man;
Garments gay as rich as may be,
dack'd With Jewels had ſhe on;
Of a comely Countenance
and Grace was ſhe;
Both by Birth and Parentage
of high Degree.

As his Priſoner there he kept her,
in his Hands her Life did lie;
Cupid's Bands did tie them faſter
by the liking of an Eye:
In his courteous Company
was all her Joy;
To favour him in any Thing
ſhe was not coy.
But at laſt there came Commandment
for to ſet all Lovers free,
With their Jewels ſtill adorned,
none to do them Injury.
Then, ſaid this Lady mild,
full woe is me.
O let me ſtill ſuſtain this kind
Captivity.
Gallant Captain, take ſome pity
on a Woman in Diſtreſs,
Leave me not within this City,
for to die in Heavineſs;
Thou haſt ſet this preſent Day
my Body free,
But my heart in Priſon ſtill
remains with thee.
How ſhould'ſt thou fair Lady love me.
Whom thou know'ſt thy Conntry's Foe,
Thy fair Speech makes me ſuſpect thee,
Serpents lie where Flowers grow.
All the harm I think on thee,
moſt courteous Knight,
God gra·t upon my Head the ſame
may fully light.
Bleſſed be the Time and Seaſon,
that you came on *Spaniſh* Ground;
If you may our Foes be termed,
gentle Foes we have you found
With our City you have won
our Hearts each one.

Then to your Country bear away
that is your own.
Reſt you ſtill moſt gallant Lady,
reſt you ſtill and weep no more;
Of fair Flowers you have plenty,
Spain doth yeild you Woud,rous ſtore.
*Spaniard*s fraught with Jealouſy
we oft do find,
But *Engliſh* Men throughout the World
are counted kind.
Leave me not unto a *Spaniard*,
thou alone enioy'ſt my Heart;
I am lovely, young and tender,
Love is likewiſe my Deſert:
Still to ſave thee Day and Night
my Mind is preſt;
The Wife of every *Engliſh* Man.
is counted bleſt,
It would be a Shame, fair Lady,
for to bear a Woman hence,
English Soldiers never carry
any ſuch without Offence.
I will quickly hange my ſelf,
if it be ſo,
And like a page will follow thee.
where e'er thee go.
I have neither Gold nor Silver
to maintain thee in this Caſe,
And to travel is great Charge,
as you know, in every Place.
My Chains and Jewels every one
ſhall be thy own,
And eke ten thouſand Pounds in Gould.
that lies unknown.
On the Seas are many Dangers,
many Storms do there ariſe,
Which will be to Ladies dreadful,
and force Tears from watry Eyes.
Well in troth *I* ſhall endure
Extremity,
For *I* could fiud in Heart to loſe
my Life for thee.
Courteous Lady, leave this Folly,
here comes all that breeds the Strife,
I in *England* have already
a ſweet woman to my Wife?
I will not falſify my Vow
for Gold nor Gain,
Nor yet for all the faireſt Dames
that live in *Spain*.
O how happy is that Woman
that enioys ſo true a Friend,
Many happy Days God ſend her,
of my Suit *I* make an end:
On my knees *I* pardon crave
for my Offence,
Which Love and true Affection
did firſt commence.
Commend me to that gallant Lady,
bear to her this Chain of Gold,
With theſe Bracelets for a Token,
grieving that I was ſo bold;
All my Jewels in like Sort,
take thou with thee,
For they are fitting for thy Wife,
but not for me.
I will ſpend my Days in Prayer,
Love and all his Laws defy;
In a Nunnery I will ſhrowd me,
far from any Company;
But e'er my Prayers have an end,
be ſure of this,
To pray for thee and for thy Love
I will not miſs.
Thus farewel, moſt gallant Captain,
farewel to my Heart's Content;
Count not *Spaniſh* Ladies wanton,
though to thee my Mind was bent:
Joy und true Proſperity
remain with thee;
The like fall unto thy Share,
moſt fair Lady.

LONDON: Printed by WILLIAM DICEY-